

EDGAR MURPHY OUTSHOTS WORK.

The Champion Won an Exciting Race at the Traps by Just Two Birds.

Faced Trying Conditions and Fast Flyers at the Westminster Kennel Club's Grounds.

Only Three One Barrel Kills Out of 200 Shot At, the Best Run Being Seventeen Straight.

SEESAWED ALL THE WAY THROUGH.

The Winner Would Have Sold His Chance on the \$2,000 Stake for Thirty Cents Five Minutes Before the Match Ended.

Edgar Gibbs Murphy and George Work, probably the two most expert amateur wing shots in the world, shot the most exciting match of the year yesterday before the traps of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Babylon, L. I. Champion Murphy won by a narrow margin, killing just two birds more than his formidable rival.

Conditions under which the match was not ideal for "grazing" pigeons, yet these two indomitable enthusiasts pegged away at their 200 birds each, while the wind howled and raged, for four successive hours, seeming to forget the wintry blast and all else except the whirr of wings that followed the springing of the traps. Oblivious to their surroundings, deaf even to the plaudits of their admirers, who were comfortably housed in a glass-enclosed pavilion, these two almost unerring gunners stood firing as rapidly and as calmly as though a summer sun were shining, and green grass instead of snow, intervened between them and the traps.

The match was by far the most important of the year, and the manner in which it was contested more than repaid the clubmen and trap enthusiasts who braved the blizzard to view the sport. Scarcely a name was uttered with which to describe the changing emotions of the men that watched. It was rather like a thrilling horse race, in which two entries are at even money and racing from post to wire, now one gaining a stride, then the other showing a nostril in front.

It was not until Murphy had killed his 100th bird that even he, as he afterward admitted, felt that victory was assured.

Mr. Work, though the loser, made a gallant fight with the champion and was in it to the very end. While he was in the lead his friends saw in him the conqueror of a veritable giant and were correspondingly jubilant. But Murphy was never "rattled" and kept at his task in the business-like way that has ever characterized him. But three one-barrel kills appear in the score, all having been made by Murphy.

The match, which was a race for 200 birds, was a side, 200 birds each, and 30 yards was one of the closest and most beautifully contested ever seen on the famous shooting grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Babylon, L. I.

The day was bitter cold and the biting gale that swept over the grounds from the northeast and skurled clouds of drifting snow in all directions, heavily handicapped the rivals and aided the birds in their straight-away flight. They were a fast and strong lot at worst, and with the added advantage of the elements succeeded fairly well in keeping the totals down in most of the strings on both sides, although both men did noble work, all circumstances considered.

MANY CLUBMEN PRESENT.

The usual special train over the Long Island Railroad was in waiting when the first squad of clubmen reached Long Island City shortly after 9 o'clock, and away it sped over the wintry inland wastes, carrying on board Messrs. Walter W. Watrous, Arthur E. Moore, Harry Knapp, W. R. Knapp, Arthur Morten, Peter H. Morris, Captain A. W. Money, Charles Macalester, Jordan L. Mett, Jr., J. H. Finletter, Walter J. Murphy, James Farley, Ned Buckley, Ralph Preston, L. T. Thompson, Major Jacob Pentz, Edward Banks, Justus von Lengerke, Harry Titian, Jefferson Lightfoot, P. B. Carey, George Croker, Elliott Smith, C. C. Delmonico, L. P. Hallors, Charles Thompson, W. D. Wright, F. Conery, Philip Matthews, Charles E. Parker and a score of other well-known clubmen and invited guests from this and nearby cities.

When Mr. Work went first to the score, at 11:50 o'clock, the "shooting-box" was crowded, and plenty of money was offered at even risk, with any or no choice. Work was cared for by Mr. Macalester, Captain Money performing a like office for the champion.

Work killed his first six in good style, while Murphy missed two of the first five. Then Work lost three out of five, evening the score at the tenth round.

It was neck and neck for the next ten, and so on to the end of the next string, which was finished with nineteen killed each.

Work lost five of the next string, three of them being carried over boundaries, dead, by the stiff breeze, but Murphy, who maintained the tie until the fortieth bird, then "broke," and only killed half of the remaining lot of the string with seventeen missed, and allowed his opponent a lead of three birds at the end of the first fifty.

Murphy seemed to have lost his mind entirely, his second delivery being markedly slow, and in the prevailing gale, next to useless. After killing his fifty-first, he missed three outright. "Prince George," as Work's friends delight to call him, was pegging away pluckily, slowly but surely increasing his lead.

Then Murphy killed one, and two, and a third in succession, the last with a single barrel, the first shot of its kind of the day—that stopped a strong circling tower. He added two more kills, while Work was missing a like number of the next quarter, and again went to pieces with three more blanks. Work went to killing again, and at the sixty-third round had secured a lead of seven birds. Murphy shook his head sadly as his sixty-sixth wobbled over the dead line on the crest of a wind wave, and the supporters of Work became so enthusiastic that one offered three to one on his favorite. He was promptly accommodated, and the odds changed as Murphy cut down the lead by two birds at the end of seventy-five.

TRYING TARGETS, TOO.
Then the birds, which were unusually hard to shoot from Philadelphia tofts,

possessing a cross of the carrier strain, began to come easy for the Carriers Club president. Still he missed four straight on the opening of the fourth round and tallied the poorest score that either man made. The retriever flushed a supposed dead bird—Murphy's eighty-third—over the boundary line in attempting to gather, and the big fellow, who had just killed seventeen straight, ground his ivory in righteous anger. His opponent lost his eighty-seventh, eighty-ninth, ninetieth, ninety-fifth, ninety-seventh, and ninety-eighth birds, but Murphy missed three more, and lost another out, which brought the score to the end of the first hundred to seventy-three for Work and one less for the marksman Hercules.

And so they saw-sawed, first Work one ahead, then Murphy tying, then again falling behind, until Work missed his one hundred and fifty-third and evened matters.

The one hundred and fifty-eighth flyer proved too much for Murphy, who was now out for the race of his life, but his boyish looking antagonist followed suit twice in succession, and amid a great rattling of window panes from within the glass-enclosed box, took the lead once more after a straight score of fifteen. But fate and the relief retriever "Kittie" were not with him for the nonce, for the dog, like his predecessor, was overzealous and scored the almost dead bird over the wire.

Murphy was shooting in much improved form, however, and missed but one of the next ten trapped for him, a feat that was more than equalled by Work, who lost but two out of his last fifteen of the string.

Champion Murphy was still one bird to the bad when the last string of fifty was reached, and the real struggle began. Murphy's genial face took on a serious look as each killed four out of five and lost their sixth. Five more rounds were finished and Work went up to match.

IN THE "HOMESTRETCH."
The excitement was now intense, and the sharp gun cracks could scarce be heard for the babel of voices urging on their re-

PERISHED IN SPITE OF FIRE ESCAPES.

At Least Four People Met Death in a Blazing Apartment House in Utica.

The Iron Ladders Being Wrapped in Flames Seemed to Cut Off All Hopes of Rescue.

ROPES HASTILY MADE OF BEDDING.

Sixty Families Narrowly Escape with Their Lives—Great Fires in Many Cities Made Yesterday a Notable Day in This Respect.

Yesterday's fire record was an unusual one, not so much because of the number of fires, but on account of the great damage done. There were many narrow escapes, and in one instance four people met their death. Below is given an account of the more disastrous conflagrations.

Utica, N. Y., March 3.—The Genesee apartment house, a brick structure of ten flats and seven stories, was burned to the ground this morning. The flats sheltered sixty families, who numbered 250 men, women and children.

The fire started in the store-house in the cellar about 5:30 o'clock. It soon found its way to the elevator shaft, where all efforts to control it were abandoned, the firemen directing their efforts to saving the occupants of the building. Those known to be dead are:

Noble Hopkins, aged sixty-nine.
Mrs. Hugh Hughes, aged sixty-four.

account of its extreme height. Northrup & Litcher were the owners.

Danbury Suffers from Flames.

Danbury, Conn., March 3.—A fire that started in a hat factory early this morning and burned until late in the afternoon destroyed several tenement and building blocks. A fireman and a colored woman were severely injured, five horses were burned to death and several human beings had narrow escapes from being crushed under falling walls. The pecuniary loss was about \$150,000.

The hat factory was owned by Edward S. Parks, and was located on Stevens lane, near Maple avenue. Mr. Parks, with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Houseman, was working in his shop. He heard a hissing noise and felt the floor rise up under him. The next instant the room was a small volcano. Mr. Parks was thrown into Stevens lane, where he was found a few minutes later. He was given medical attention and then removed to his home. Mr. Parks' injuries are painful, but not serious. His face and hands were severely scorched, and there were several gashes on his head. Mr. and Mrs. Houseman ran out of the shop and were not injured.

Mr. Parks thinks the boiler under his shop exploded and started the fire. This opinion is shared by the firemen.

A terrific gale was blowing from all directions. The buildings on the same side of the street with the hat factory that were destroyed were Weed's stables, William Freeman's livery stables, the Sherman block, occupied by William Wheeler, druggist; T. Deberber, fruit dealer; Wah Hong, laundry; John Cappari, barber shop; John Ellisworth, furniture dealer; H. C. Gray, bakery; Frank Pearl, fruit dealer; Harris Heyman, grocery; Silvestre's barber shop; Meyer's market; Martin's grocery; Ungaro's shoe shop and Fong & Co.'s fruit store.

Across White street the fire travelled and destroyed the Meeker block, occupied by Oscar Meeker, feed dealer, and Valentine Leid, liquor dealer. The bottling

Northern Pacific, and it is said to be beyond control. The fire, which has been burning since last September, was put out only a few days ago, and it was expected the tunnel would be ready for use in ten days.

VENEZUELA'S TIME IS UP.

It is Said in Caracas That England is Determined to Collect the Indemnity.

Caracas, March 3.—The time limit set by England in her ultimatum in regard to the Ururan incident expired to-day.

There is an unofficial rumor to the effect that arbitration was suggested, but that Venezuela refused to entertain the proposition, claiming that the Ururan police did not transcend their powers when they drove off the gold prospectors from British Guiana on the ground that the territory they invaded was Venezuelan soil.

Nobody expected that the Government would yield to the demand contained in the English ultimatum, but as the expiration of the time drew near popular excitement rose higher and higher.

It was at such a point to-day that an uprising would have resulted if the Government had given in to England.

It is rumored that England is determined to collect the indemnity.

DIED TO SAVE HER CHILD.

A West Point Drummer's Wife Burned to Death by a Lamp.

West Point, N. Y., March 3.—The wife of Drummer John Rose met a frightful death last night in the band barracks. The four Rose children were seated about a table playing cards, when suddenly the lamp was overturned. The kerosene caught fire, and

TO SHOOT A LEGISLATOR.

Alleged Attempt Made to Kill Republican Leader in the Jersey Assembly.

Trenton, N. J., March 3.—James Nichols, a Republican ward worker of Paterson, is the man who, it is alleged, tried to assassinate James Robertson, of Paterson, the Republican leader, in the Assembly last night.

Nichols was in the Assembly chamber, and while Mr. Robertson was engaged in legislative work the man, it is said, drew a revolver, but was promptly hustled out and dismissed by two doorknockers.

The trouble between the two men is said to have grown out of some unfulfilled anti-campaign promises.

It is stated that Nichols threatened Mr. Robertson and that the latter had been avoiding him for fear of an attack.

Mr. Robinson was unaware of the action of Nichols in the Assembly Chamber at the time and heard of it only after the affair was all over.

THIEF BROKE DOORS AND BEAT WOMEN.

Continued from First Page.

head. The blow staggered him. To save himself from falling down the stairs he caught hold of the railing of the balustrade. Before the burglar could repeat the blow Masterston clinched, and they struggled for the possession of the rail. While the men were grappling, Patrolman Jackson appeared on the scene and a crowd gathered on the sidewalk in front of the house.

CRAWLED UNDER A BED.
The sight of the policeman caused the burglar to release his grasp upon Masterston, and he ran back into Mrs. Frank's apartments, hiding himself beneath one of the beds. Jackson followed and dragged him out. As soon as the man was on his feet he struck the policeman in the face. Jackson then brought his club down on his prisoner's head and he fought no more.

At the station house the prisoner said that he was Andrew Folk, twenty-seven years old, and gave his address at No. 227 Lynch street, Williamsburg. A cut in his head made by Jackson's club was dressed by Surgeon McCollony, of the Homoeopathic Hospital.

In Folk's pockets was found \$5.10 in money and a pawn ticket for a woman's watch, which he said belonged to his sister. He had pawned it, he said, to obtain money to get from a country town to this city, where he intended to join the next filibustering expedition going to Cuba. He was dressed like a longshoreman, and wore a dark blue shirt, on the breast of which was sewed letters forming the name "Twitner," a vessel he said he had served on in Cuban waters.

Although the police say the prisoner was perfectly sober, he pretends to know nothing of his acts.

Warship Alert Off for Nicaragua.

Washington, March 3.—A telegram to the Navy Department announces that the Alert sailed to-day from Acapulco, Mexico, for Corinto, Nicaragua, to give protection to American interests in the event of any serious outbreak following the disturbances at Leon. The Alert's commander said in his dispatch that he understood the instructions sent by the Navy Department.

Alex Williams in Florida.

(Jacksonville Times-Union.)
Ex-Inspector Williams, of New York, made a pleasant call on Chief Keefe at Police Headquarters yesterday. After a chat over old times Chief Keefe took the famous New Yorker through the jail. Mr. Williams admitted the new automatic telegraph alarm system, the quick work of the patrol wagon on call, and the business-like and ship-shape appearance of the force and the building. He expressed himself as much pleased with the jail as a cleanly, well ventilated and secure place for the detention of recalcitrant law-breakers.

A certain amount of allowance must be made for ex-inspector Williams, however, by those individuals who would like to see Jacksonville's society and incomplete police force brought up to the modern New South standard. For it must be remembered that Mr. Williams has been stuck fast for the last thirty years on the police force of the moonshack and antebellum town of New York, and can't be expected to know what's what.

Quay Means Democratic Opportunity.

(Harrisburg Patriot.)
Should the nomination of Quay be made the opportunity would be an extraordinary one for the Democrats. Of all the candidates spoken of by Mr. Quay a long contest would prove the weakest. Even the nomination of Tom Platt could not be a greater party blunder nor one by which the Democrats could so surely profit.

Mr. Quay's past record is not a "pale" powder, as some of his political associates would have it. It is important in any event that the Democratic nominee should be an exceptionally strong man; in case Quay's nomination is made, it is important that he should be the strongest and ablest available. Quay's record is not a "pale" powder, as some of his political associates would have it. It is important in any event that the Democratic nominee should be an exceptionally strong man; in case Quay's nomination is made, it is important that he should be the strongest and ablest available.

FAURE AND GLADSTONE MEET.

France's President Taking Part in the Mediterranean Yacht Races.

Cannes, March 3.—The formidable, with President Faure on board, and escorted by a large squadron of yachts, arrived here this morning. The President held an international review of the yachts assembled to take part in the races in the Mediterranean. The town is filled with visitors. President Faure had an interview with Mr. Gladstone this afternoon. The meeting lasted fifteen minutes.

Fell Dead on the Elevated Station.

Gottlieb Gohr, sixty-eight years old, of No. 365 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, was seized with sudden illness on the platform of the downtown station on the Second Avenue Elevated Station at Eighty-sixth street, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and died before the arrival of the ambulance, which was summoned from the Presbyterian Hospital. The ambulance surgeon said death was due to heart disease.

Oxford Bars Women from Degrees.

London, March 3.—At a meeting of the Convocation of Oxford University held to-day the proposal to allow women to take a degree was rejected by a vote of 215 to 140.

COURT NOTES.

Counsel for Charles Postalska and Louis P. Hermann, lately sentenced to the electric chair by Justice Knapp in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, filed notices of appeal in the County Clerk's office yesterday. These notices are the first to be filed under the new law.

Lawyer David B. Ogden and Dr. John B. Gibbs were appointed by Justice Beekman in the Supreme Court yesterday a commission to inquire into the mental condition of Moses Siegmeyer, now an inmate of the Central Insane Asylum, at Bally, L. I. The application was made by Annie Siegmeyer, wife of the supposed lunatic, who told his Honor that although her husband was worth only \$1,200, he thought he owed the United States.

Sigrid Asgorth Thorvaldsen told, once known as Sigrid Asgorth, asked Justice MacLean in the Supreme Court yesterday, for alimony pending an action for divorce. Young Mrs. Asgorth told Justice MacLean that her client was destitute and, with her child, was in danger of being sent to a charitable institution. He said she had inherited \$10,000 from his grand mother. Justice MacLean reserved decision.

WHERE IS ELLIS JACOBS?

He Left Home Two Weeks Ago and His Parents Have Searched for Him in Vain.

Ellis Jacobs, eleven years old, of No. 2221 First avenue, who left home on Monday morning a week ago ostensibly to go to school, has not been seen nor heard from since, although his parents have searched the city from one end to the other for him.

The Jacobs family came to this city two years ago from British Columbia. They have four children. Ellis is the oldest. When he left home he was dressed in a suit of blue clothes, a gray overcoat and a peak cap. He is tall, slender and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

His father had occasion to whip him some weeks ago, and the little fellow told his mother that if he ever did it again he would run away from home. On Thursday evening of last week Ellis came home from school without his books. He told his mother he had been a bad boy at school and his teacher had refused to allow him to bring his books home. On Friday evening he failed again to bring his books home and told the same story. Mrs. Jacobs made an investigation and found that Ellis had not been at school on Thursday or Friday. She told the boy's father, and on Monday morning Mr. Jacobs told Ellis that if he heard of any more trouble at school he would give him a severe whipping. The boy left home sobbing. Since then no trace of him has been found.

"I think," Mrs. Jacobs said, "that he was ruined by reading pernicious literature. He got a wrong idea of life and thought his father had no right to correct him. The idea of kidnapping has suggested itself to him, but we do not see why any one would care to carry him away."

BOY STOPS A RUNAWAY.

George Mofley Catches a Frightened Horse That Was Dashing Down Broadway.

At the risk of his life George Mofley, an A. D. T. messenger boy, stopped a runaway horse that was dashing down Broadway last night. Mofley, who is stationed at Broadway and Thirtieth street, was on his return to the office, when he noticed the crowd scattering.

The horse was then at Greeley square. Several cabmen made unsuccessful attempts to stop it, also Frank McCafferty, of Brooklyn, who was knocked down, but not seriously injured. When the horse was within a half block of Mofley the latter ran into the street. He waved his hands and the horse dashed toward him. The horse swerved in its course, Mofley made a spring and seized it by the nostrils. He was dragged along the street for some distance, but at Thirty-first street finally managed to seize the bit and stop the horse.

After turning the animal over to its owner, William Thompson, Mofley returned to the office.

Thompson was in the eating house at Forty-ninth street and Sixth avenue when the horse, which was attached to a cab, took fright at a piece of paper. It dashed down the avenue and at Forty-second street the cab was wrecked against an "L" pillar. Then the horse kicked itself free from the harness and dashed into Broadway, where it was stopped by Mofley.

A Youngish Couple.

(Bangor News.)
A fourteen-year-old girl and a boy of sixteen were married in Middletown, Conn., recently. The girl was on the point of being committed to the county house for destitute children when the boy stopped in and married her and saved her.



Mr. Xeno W. Putnam, a literary man and a student of advertising, residing at Harborsburg, Pa., under date of June 3, 1895, writes as follows: "Not long since I came upon a 'Knight of the Road' taking something from a small vial, a circumstance that I would hardly have noticed had not my eye fall upon the well-known Ripans label. Then I was interested, and proceeded to interview him. 'What do I take you for?' he answered my query. 'See here, young fellow, what do you take yer swag for? Fun, ain't it? Yer see, when a fellow's liver and stomach is out er whack ther ain't much fun in his life. I gets these here pills and then I have fun. A fellow can have lots o' fun tramping if 'is stomach's in good order. So that's what I takes 'em for; just fun. Where do I live? Usually about where I happen ter be. Yer see, I live there because I haint happened ter die there. I thanks ter these little fellows, holding up the vial. Partly in a spirit of jest I told him it might be considerably to his advantage to give some address where he might be reached. 'I don't take no advantages,' he answered sagely, 'I just take these 'er pills an' travel.' The circumstance was so unique that I decided to report it to you."

Ripans (Ripans) are sold by druggists, or by mail for the price (50 cents) and by the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

will be hale and hearty and won't look within twenty years as old as he is. Good appetite and rich, red blood make people look youthful. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes rich, red blood. It makes health in the right way. It works according to the right theory, and in 30 years of practice, it has proved that the theory is absolutely correct. It begins at the beginning—begins by putting the stomach, liver and bowels into perfect order, but it begins its good work on the blood before it finishes with the digestive system. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be and forces them out of the body. It promotes the copious secretion of the digestive fluids, and assists in throwing off refuse matter. It makes the appetite healthy and the digestion strong. It isn't a violent medicine. It isn't strong medicine. It does nothing but good to every portion of the body. It doesn't do harm in any place while it is helping another place. It is meant to help the whole body and it does help it. Whenever a man feels himself failing in health, when he feels that he is getting old too fast, that his vitality is low, and that he is losing flesh, he should waste no time in getting the "Golden Medical Discovery." It will build up quicker than anything else in the world. It will give him rich blood and solid flesh. It will make him feel half as old and twice as strong. Druggists sell it.

Dr. Pierce's root page book, the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in plain language, tells all about the "Golden Medical Discovery," and is a complete family doctor book, profusely illustrated. It will be sent free on receipt of twenty-one (21) one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 63 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A well-dressed man is always at ease.

The Martin's English chevrons that we are making in suits to order at \$20.00, trousers \$5.00, are just the thing for present and early Spring wear.

The magnificent variety, quality, and brilliancy of these goods will surprise you.

You might have paid three times the price we ask, got the same, but no better.

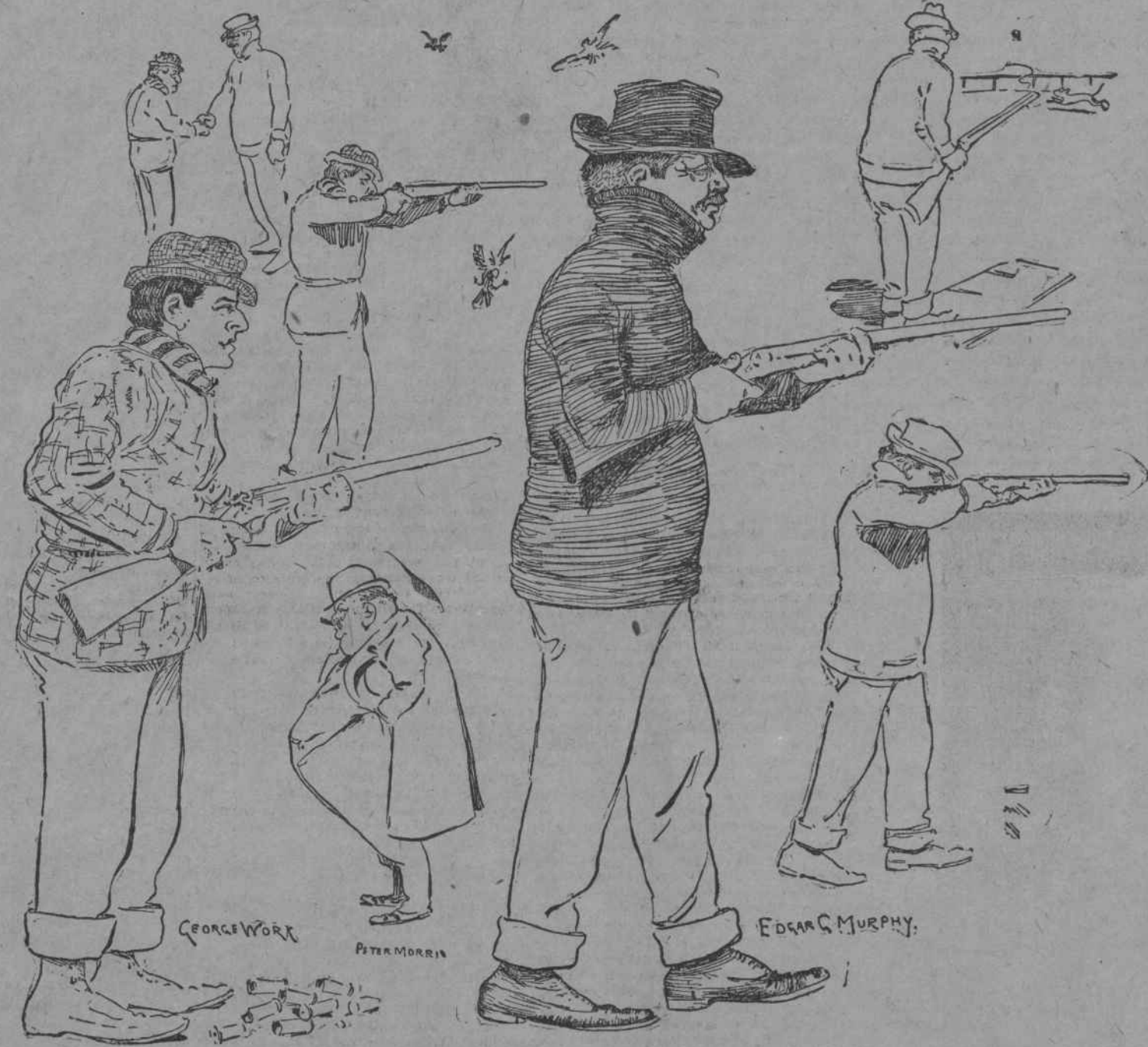
Money back, that protects you; we ask no whys nor wherefores.

Our Spring stock is fully displayed.

Samples, Fashion Review, and Measuring Guide given or mailed to any address.

ARNHEIM

BROADWAY & 9TH ST.



THE FAMOUS WING SHOTS WHO MET AT THE TRAPS YESTERDAY.

spective choices and shouting a new notation of the varying odds. The uncertainty of the occasion soon told on Work as the veterans neared the end of their long journey. He missed his 163rd. Again he failed to reach. He killed his 165th, but lost the next and the next. Murphy, after losing his 165th, was keeping up the pace, bringing them down with a fatal aim. Now the champion was ahead, and he was determined he should not lose.

There was no break until the 190th, which Work failed to touch. Murphy scored and it was all over, although each shot and killed the final bird.

"Well, we were both winners," remarked Work contentedly, as he reached his furred coat about him and strode to the clubhouse. "But it wasn't any walkover, was it, Edgar?"

The spectators laughed and Murphy, as the crowd congratulated him, modestly declared:

"Oh, stop your jollying, boys! It was anybody's race. We both won and lost it several times, and the victory doesn't carry much credit with it. Of course, I like to win, but I'll tell you, I'd have sold my chances on that \$2,000 for 30 cents just five minutes ago."

Murphy made three one-barrel kills—the only ones made—and was also credited with the longest run, that of seventeen straight kills.

The scores follow:

Edgar Gibbs Murphy, Lamont Gun Club:	K. M.
20002 22002 22002 22002 22002 19	8
20002 21220 00022 11222 22222 10	8
Total, first 50 birds.....	38
20002 21220 22002 01222 22222 17	8
22222 22222 01030 22222 22222 19	6
Total, first 100 birds.....	72
22222 21222 22002 02022 22002 20	8
22222 22002 22002 22002 22002 18	7
Total, first 150 birds.....	110
22222 22222 22002 22002 22002 21	4
22222 02222 22002 22222 22222 21	4
Grand total.....	152
George Work, Cartaret Gun Club:	K. M.
22222 20020 22222 22222 22222 19	6
22222 22222 22002 22222 22222 20	3
Total, first 50 birds.....	39
22222 22002 22002 22002 22002 19	6
00022 22222 22002 22222 22002 15	4
Total, first 100 birds.....	73
22222 22002 22222 02222 22002 21	7
01222 22002 22222 22222 22222 17	4
Total, first 150 birds.....	111
22222 22222 22002 22222 22222 21	4
22222 02222 22002 22222 22222 21	4
Grand total.....	150

The missing are:

MRS. SARAH MILLER WOOD.

MARY WOOD, aged fifty years.

Mrs. Wood was a niece of the late Governor Seymour. Her husband was formerly an attorney in New York. A brother of Mrs. Wood, the Rev. Jewett, resides in New York at present.

A man and woman, with locked arms, were seen lying near the threshold of an upper floor. While people were rushing to balconies, men shouted to the couple, but they could not be aroused. It is believed that they have perished. Their names have not been learned.

When the alarm was given by the steam fire whistle on the house all the occupants hastily dressed themselves with such clothing as they could snatch and made for the fire escapes. To their horror they learned that escape by that way was cut off. The fire escapes were in the rear and southern portion of the building and were the fire, fanned by a strong wind,